REENTER MAJOR AND MRS. MAX

Their Conferences Are Aided by a Newcomer, Miss Marjorie.

"I am entertained and favorably impressed by the book I am writing on 'Some Significant Proofs of Aristocratical Tendencies Among the People of the United States,'" remarked Major Max, seating himself after lunch at his writing table.

"You always happen to write on rainy afternoons," observed Mrs. Max, placing an ash tray on the Major's table. "I am that way, too. I mean that I seldom drive out or go shopping on such days. I suppose it is what you'd call a coincidence."

"I'd call it nothing of the kind, madam," answered the Major firmly. "A coincidence is—is what it calls itself. But that I should write and that you should remain at home only on rainy and disagreeable afternoons is psychological, modified by the fact that I seldom write on such days and that you always go out if your engagements promise not to bore you.

"These considerations lift the problem from the commonplace of coincidence to the realm of shadowy half facts, of subconscious realizations, mingled with unconscious substitutions of fantasies for faculties."

"If you'd only write like that, Major, you'd be invited to public dinners."

"It is that thought which withholds my pen.

"That it usually rains when we are disinclined to go out belongs to the fact group which includes the curious observation that most big commercial cities have navigable waters near them.

"But as to this book of mine: Our democracy reverses the observed facts of history in that it is an aristocracy as to the ruled and a mob as to the rulers. If you were to ask me how I adapt my terms to usage I answer I do no such commonplace thing. Usage must adapt itself to me.

"The first aristocracies grew out of the necessity for the few strong to combine against the many weak; next that the few strong, having in some hundreds or thousands of years, by the advantage of superior station and condition become superior persons, having become the few fit, that is, should establish their place in society—their rank—by laws."

"But, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Max, "the laws are so silly! In New Jersey the New York tags on the back of the car don't do a bit of good, though in Connecticut it is all right. Just as if New York didn't know enough to number its automobiles. The New Jersey roads are lovely, but we hold the automobile shows."

"Your point is well taken," admitted the Major, lighting a cigar and vaguely looking about him for the ash receiver which Mrs. Max had thoughtlessly placed directly in front of him, where of course a man never sees anything.

"The few fit made such laws as the time, the conditions and the nature of the persons to be affected required to establish their rank, and then followed golden ages of art, learning, good manners, philosophy and assorted piety such as have never been seen upon earth since."

"Since when?" asked Mrs. Max, who had taken up a piece of fancy work.

The Major closely examined the work in his wife's hand without seeming to do so, smiled as he recognized a bit he had seen grow but slightly during three or four years, brought the tips of his fingers down on his table, was surprised to find them resting in the ash tray and answered:

"Since people began bothering their heads about things which are not—such as equality."

"But some must have known that there were no such things," suggested Mrs. Max.

"True, but unfortunately most of those having heads capable of entertaining an unpopular truth lost their heads. When I say that they lost their heads I do not mean in a figurative sense, as did those who believed in equality. They were chopped off."

"How perfectly horrid!" exclaimed Mrs. Max with evidence of that delight in such a subject not infrequently observed in the gentlest and most refined. "Who chopped them off?"

"Certain men and women chopped them off to prove by deeds their faith in equality."

"Oh, yes, I remember; poor dear Marie Whats-her-name, and there was a Dauphin, too. Such a lovely little Prince. Mrs. Jack Daring posed for charity in a dress cut that way once, and if the men of our set had known beforehand—well, the ballroom wouldn't have held them."

"Ah, yes," commented the Major, "I have that waist in mind, 'Qui commençait à peine et finissait tout de suite.' People will forget their history at the most inopportune crisis."

"I dote on history," said the lady. "Tell me some more about the dear little Dauphin."

"I will if you will order the black coffee," agreed the Major.

"Oh, I forgot we were to have it here. I was thinking of Marjorie. She is so fond of sugar, and you always take two lumps in your first cup."

Mrs. Max rang a bell and said to the maid who responded: "Send Majorie here."

"With the black coffee," suggested the Major.

The present chronicler should pause here perhaps to relate that since the Major and his wife were last reported a daughter of the house has come to rule. Five sunny years are hers, and so benignant has been her reign that time seems to have paused with her loyal subjects as if to let the ruler overtake them in years, as she already has in power, wisdom and share of love.

Marjorie now entered the library close upon the heels of the maid bringing the black coffee set, abstracted a lump from the sugar bowl when it was placed on the table before her mother, seemed not to hear the remark of her mother about the uses of sugar tongs nor her father's as to the superior wisdom of taking a half lump instead of a whole, and then said gravely:

"I shall go out for a walk."

"For an auto drive, darling," corrected Mrs. Max. "It is too rainy for walking.

"No," said Marjorie. "The auto car makes so much noise nurse can't hear what I have to tell her about things. We will walk."

Nurse was summoned and instructed earnestly about rubbers, raincoats, umbrella and instant later changes. Then Marjorie left the room after pausing at the door to ask, "Will you be here when I come back? Can I do anything for you downtown?"

Mrs. Max passed his black coffee to the Major, saying, "I remember, now, it was a Directoire gown. Col. Bob Billings was there and said it was all right. It was—on one side. But we were talking about your book."

"My book will undertake to prove that as nature does not produce duplicates there can be no equality throughout any natural things, periwinkles, pigs, pumpkins or persons, for examples.

"It remained for prosaic man to imagine and produce the puerility of equality.

"I am a superior person. Nature in the exercise of her profound, immutable, mysterious processes took some thousands of years to make me of the superior class; my parents added twenty years of effort to aid nature and I have added twenty-odd years to their efforts. Is the result the same as in the case of a person nature has neglected almost to the point of abandonment and whose poor natural attributes were not improved by his parents and injured by himself? If not, what am I?"

"Do, dear, put on your hat and run as far as the corner to see if nurse is holding the umbrella over Marjorie. Of course she did so long as she knew I was watching her, but those creatures take a perfect delight in being nasty when they know I want them to be nice.

Mrs. Max said this standing at the window, coffee cup in hand, peering down the glittering sidewalk to where Marjorie's stout legs had disappeared around a corner. The Major hastened away and presently reappeared, somewhat damp, to report that Marjorie herself was holding the umbrella, and so far down over her head, like a coolie's hat, that she was compelling every one she met to make way for her. Nurse was getting rather wet, and looked the Major thought, like a person contemplating a strike.

"Dear little angel!" murmured Mrs. Max. "I wish I could see her holding her own umbrella. How cunning of her! Did you get very wet?"

"Only enough to offer my degree of humidity as a reason why you might add a little—a mere thimbleful—of cognac to a second demi-tasse."

Mrs. Max served a second cup as desired and then asked with that cheerful assumption of interest which told that her mind's eye was filled with a picture of Marjorie hutting her umbrella into avenue pedestrians: "What were you saying about pumpkins—or was it roast pig, dear?"

"Both, fond pupil. I remarked that those pigs on our place which were fed with pumpkins when they were young ought to be in good condition to convert into ham and bacon now."

"Every one is so perfectly charmed with the hams we send to them," commented the lady. "I should think it would pay some one to make them as good to sell. Only, of course, I suppose that if one makes a thing to sell one does not think about what the eaters say of it. Is that the reason why you feed the pigs so expensively the farmer nearly dies of rage? His married daughter has a sweet little baby, though."

"The reason I feed the pigs so well is that I am working out a political theory on them to which I shall devote a chapter in my book. I am demonstrating, to the angry amazement of our farmer, that a pig pasture instead of a pig pen is preferred by the few fit; that some of the pigs prefer clean running water to cool their sides in rather than the time honored wallow; that some prefer to sleep on clean straw litter instead of on the time honored muck heap; that some of them prefer the pumpkins, apples and corn I feed them rather than the farmer's offer of swill. I am developing an aristocracy of porkers. I prefer their hams. The majority remain against me, for the majority of pigs is always wrong. Those I sell to the packers."

"The dear little Dauphin!" sighed Mrs. Max. "Was he beheaded too, or was that the story of L'Aiglon?—those French plays are so alike. Anyway, our French teacher, who was really a lovely woman, had a mustache. I am sure I would have known ever so much more about French literature if it were not for that mustache. Go right on, Major, from where you were—something about your parents being naturalists."

"Incorrigible naturalists," said the Major. "I often heard my father say that he loved nature chiefly because she made so few men fit for him to associate with. He was rather exclusive, my governor was, and he often declared that if he knew more than a dozen men who were his intellectual and moral equals he would be bored to death because he made it his custom to have at his dinner table every man he knew and considered his equal and he was unalterably opposed to having more than a dozen men dine with him. My dear mother said that she agreed with him to the point that he would die if he ever met a thirteenth equal, but she would render a verdict of death from surprise.

"My own position is rather more advanced than father's. I knew only one man whom in my inmost soul I call my equal in all gentle attributes—and sometimes I have my doubts of Col. Bob's equality."

"Let's throw on some rain wraps and go out and meet Marjorie," suggested Mrs. Max. "She won't see us coming with her umbrella down and we'll let her run into us. Can't you hear her laugh when she finds who it is?"

"I am with you," declared the Major, "all the more readily that I feel the need of a breath of fresh air after an afternoon devoted to hard, close writing."

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

The Gray Haired Man Remembers a Boy Who Tried It Forty Years Ago.

"Whenever I read in the newspapers that a boy has run away from home to fight Indians or seek some other sort of adventure, it takes me back forty years," said the gray haired man in the club smoking room. "For I ran away from home once, just as I suppose every other youngster does, once at least, only in my case I wasn't seeking adventure, I was escaping tyranny.

"It seems foolish now, but it was all very real to me then. The tyranny consisted of the one fact that I got my first licking, and I guess there's no doubt that I deserved it. But I couldn't see it that way then; I was very bitter, and the one idea I had was to get away where life was free and tyrants were not.

"The impulse to depart on my travels was carried out so suddenly that I found myself wandering far away from the house before it dawned on me that I was ill provided for a journey. I had gone just as I was, with the smart of my physical as well as mental wrongs still acute.

"As I went I pondered over the matter of provisions, and the idea came to me that I would make my first stand in a cranberry bog right on the farm. With this as a headquarters I would make raids on neighboring orchards, and if the worst came to the worst I supposed the cranberries would support life.

"Well, I reached the cranberry bog presently and fortified. Here I should spend the first night under the friendly stars. I picked out a soft place for a bed and sat down to wait for night.

"Now, cranberries are not very filling, especially in the raw, green state, but I managed to eat some of them. After that it began to get dark.

"Well, sir, the shadows fell quickly on the hills about me and the air grew chill. Fantastic monsters reared their horrid heads on every hand. The free life began to pall.

"So it won't surprise you to learn that a very little boy ran home crying before the supper things had been cleared away, and that he never ran away again."

THE COUNTRY HOUSE TERRACE

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE SITE SELECTED.

In Westchester and Lenox They Are Easily Made—New Jersey Homes Where the Terrace Must Be Built—Rival Claims of the Lawn and the Formal Garden.

The terrace has come to be an indispensable feature of every country house. Its additional cost makes no difference. Few builders of such homes would be satisfied to struggle along without it, whatever the expense may be. In Westchester county the terrace is not such an increase to the cost of a house. There the hills are selected for the sites of the homes and the terrace comes in as an incidental feature. It is as inevitable in Westchester as the windmill to pump water up to the water tanks and as characteristic a feature of the landscape.

In Lenox the topography of most of the homes also makes the terrace easily attainable. Yet there are among the palaces built there more without this addition than one would expect to find. It is true, however, that these are, as a rule, the older houses. They are built more in the fashion that the Massachusetts hillsides suggest than are the newer palaces with such ideals as the Doria Palace of Genoa and châteaux in the style of the French Renaissance swimming before the eyes of the architects. The inevitable style for the Lenox homes should be the Colonial period, which suits every tradition and natural condition of that countryside.

Next to the Colonial period there is probably no style of architecture so well suited to the Berkshire Hills as the Elizabethan, which finds an appropriate shelter there. The terrace shown in the picture is before a house built in this style. The view from the stone balustrade looks to the southeast, which to one who knows the directions of Lenox means Laurel Lake and the mountains beyond it. They are shown in the picture rising above the foliage, which reveals the height of the balustrade from the hillside as only the topmost branches of the trees are visible. This turf terrace stands in front of the house, and over it one must pass to the main entrance hall. The way leads up the steps and on to a tiled terrace which runs the whole length of the building on this side. The brick balustrade does not merely edge the part of the terrace opposite the entrance, but encloses it at either end. The dark red brick wall forms an agreeable contrast to the turf, which is kept like velvet, and the only other color in the balustrade is the brownstone, which is also used in the finish of the house.

The terrace is also typical of one treatment which has come to be perhaps the most popular. There is no attempt here at floral decoration. The turf, which must be the most beautiful and best cared for of its kind, alone enlists the thoughts of the landscape gardener. Accent is occasionally supplied by the plants in conspicuous points. The walks of powdered bluestone furnish a note of color contrast of sufficiently subdued character to be in tone with the rest of the terrace.

There are other ways of decorating a terrace, and one of them is visible in a Westchester show place. There the door at the rear of a Georgian house opens on to this terrace from a stone balcony which is built to be used as a living room. From the gray stone balustrade which encloses the square terrace there is a wide view up and down the Long Island Sound, and in the other direction to the Palisades on the Western shore of the Hudson. One a short distance from the stone wall would say that the fall must be fifty feet or more to the other side of it, since no tree top is visible. Yet the sounds of laughter and conversation and the occasional calls of "Love—forty" cannot come from so far down the hill.

As a matter of fact this drop is not more than fifteen feet. But it accomplishes the purpose for which it was intended. It masks the tennis court so well that one would never know of its existence without looking over the railing but for the sounds of the voices below. A glance over this balustrade with the antique marble seats spread alongside of it shows the earthen court enclosed in its protecting screens only a few feet below. For all practical purposes, however, there might be a much deeper drop.

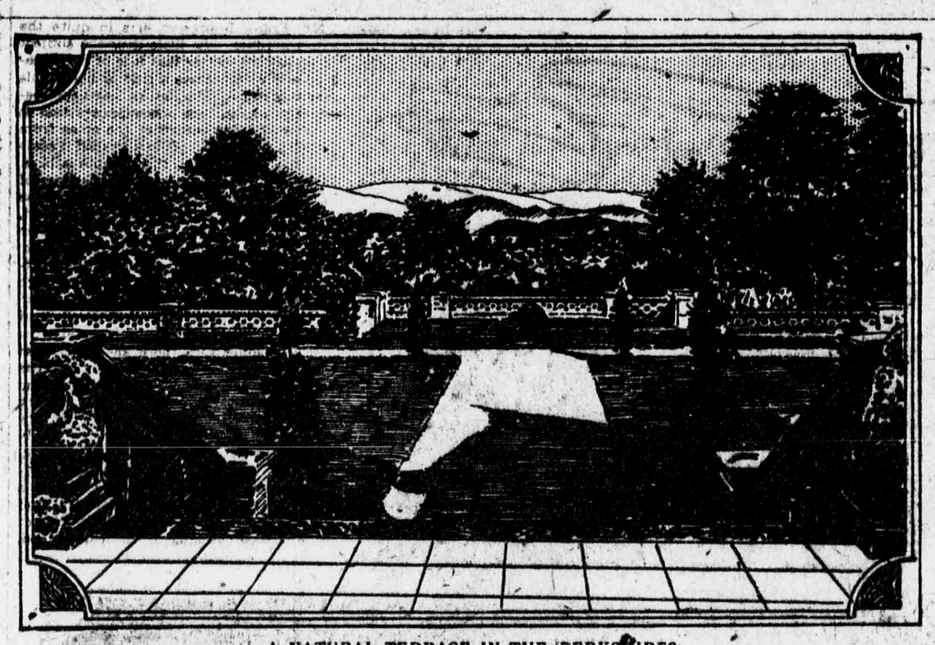
More varied is the horticultural treatment of a terrace selected as the site of the formal garden without which no country home tries to struggle along. There is of course complete lack of verdure, as there could be not even the smallest of trees on what is practically the lawn of the house. Five beds separated by a walk laid out in crushed white stone compose the group. The centre bed is of course round, while those at the four corners are triangular, but with no attempt at mathematical lines. The white walk borders the whole piece, and on one side of the terrace lies a quadrilateral rose garden. As a pendant to this at the other end is a garden of iris. It is always the effort of the gardeners to keep the colors in these beds of such harmonizing hues that there is an effect of solidity. Yet there is always about this terrace the lack of feeling that comes with the mere turf as the carpet of this point from which the view of the country is taken.

Not far from this same terrace with its motley formal garden there is one that looks toward another quarter of Westchester. Here the owner of the house has refused to allow anything to disturb the emerald frame which seems to enclose the prospect. The smooth turf stretches from the last of the white marble steps that end in the grass toward the stone balustrade, which is also covered with green foliage by the vines that have been trained to grow over it. Here no color but green meets the eye.

Of course a terrace on the Jersey coast would have to be a very different matter. There are no natural hills there and the effect of distance would have to be gained either by building up the house or digging down. No such beautiful specimen of this kind of terrace exists as that seen by the house of Murry Guggenheim at Hollywood. It was this palace which won for its architects, Carrere & Hastings, the gold medal of the Architectural League, and no detail of the house is more beautiful than this terrace.

One point of difference between the New Jersey terrace and those to be found in Westchester lies in the fact that there is no such extent of grounds about the homes on the Jersey coast. They are limited in area, and in addition to the lawn and garden there is little more to be seen. This has its influence in the problem which it imposes on the landscape work. It was not possible in such conditions to create the impression of a terrace overlooking, for instance, a valley between two mountains. The house could not be built up high enough for any such illusion, and moreover it was not appropriate for a location within sound of the sea.

But there had to be a terrace, and there had also to be the necessary descent, and this picture shows how well the problem was solved. There is a drop of nearly twenty steps from the piazza. Here follows another drop of several feet from the roadway to the lawn. From the surface of the lawn to the lake there comes another drop, and the sum of the three is sufficient to give from the top of the steps the effect of a terrace raised sufficiently high to entitle it to the name. Now that the demand for a terrace is everywhere so great, it is not indispensable that they be so very high to earn the title.



A NATURAL TERRACE IN THE BERKSHIRES.

ARTIFICIAL TERRACE EFFECT AT THE SEASHORE.

AT THE 10 MINUTE SERVICE.

Slim 5 O'Clock Congregation With the Rush of Shoppers Streaming By.

The sign outside the church door read: "The Next Service at 5 P. M., Lasting 10 Minutes."

Just as it caught the eye of a tired man a soft voiced bell in the tower chimed a mellow invitation. The man looked at his watch. It was just 5 o'clock.

He hesitated a moment, then slipped into a narrow opening in the tower, pushed a leather covered door, and plunged into the gloom and chill of the Gothic aisle.

As he turned into a pew he noticed that he was the only soul in the church. And just then out came the minister in full canonicals, surplice and stole over his long black cassock. The adornments of the altar and chancel had a high church look.

The minister knelt in silent prayer in the centre of the altar steps, and the man got panicky, fearing that the service would be read for him alone and he might have to make responses and things that he didn't know anything about. He was meditating a furtive getaway when the door opened and an elderly woman rustled in.

Before she came to an anchor the door popped open again—it always made a noise like a champagne cork muffled in napkins—and a second woman, also elderly, shuffled up to a front pew on the opposite side from the first.

Maybe he was waiting for them, anyway, the clergyman began the service as soon as they were seated. He opened with the Lord's Prayer, then he went to the reading desk on the Gospel side of the choir and read a selection from the Scriptures.

A third woman came in about this time, knelt near the back of the church and buried her face in her hands. She made no show of following the service as the others did.

When the officiant gave out a hymn the man had another tremor. Would those two women—the third didn't seem to count, and he himself didn't know how to sing—fling their thin voices without backing up into these echoing arches? There was no one at the organ.

But no, everything was arranged with perfect tact. The clergyman did it all himself. He just read the hymn, pausing impressively between the stanzas.

The drawback to the whole proceeding was the echo. It wasn't a very big church but the groined roof was lofty and every arch seemed to send back a reverberation of its own.

The minister had a sonorous voice, but he couldn't compete with the voices of the huge empty space. Thus it was that every time he began to speak the first few words were clear, then there came an unintelligible volume of sound like the bass notes of an organ let loose by a child. When he stopped speaking the sound rumbled on for ten or fifteen seconds.

As the clergyman returned to the centre of the altar steps and began an extempore prayer the man looked at his watch. It was 8 minutes past 5. The prayer lasted 90 seconds. It referred to the bright and busy sunshine without and the cool and peace of the sanctuary; that was all the man made out of it.

At its close the doxology was recited, two of the three women rising. The service was completed with five seconds to spare.

The clergyman marched off into the gloom behind the choir seats without once having taken a glance at his slim congregation. The man wondered if the service would have gone on all the same if there had been nobody there.

The two women who had followed the service went out. The man strolled around reading the many brass tablets which commemorated worthies of a generation or two ago, when the west side in the Twenties was next door to the fashionable quarter of New York. Presently the sexton began to turn off the electric lights which had put the stained glass windows out of business. The third woman remained kneeling with her face buried in her hands.

The man stepped out on the busiest part of Sixth avenue. The glare of western sunshine dazzled him and the roar of traffic dazed him.

He looked at his watch again and holding it in his hand he counted the people who passed on the sidewalk in front of him in one minute. There were 317 of them, chiefly women shoppers. The other side of the avenue was far more crowded.

Probably 700 people a minute were passing up and down before that church at that time of day. Probably 7,000 people had passed it during the 10 minutes that the service had lasted, and just four had gone inside.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The first congress of women in Russia will begin on June 14 in St. Petersburg.

The women members of the Finnish Parliament have introduced a bill raising the marriageable age for girls from 15 years to 18. The men members of the Parliament are not all in favor of it and it is said that the women are expecting to have a hard fight, though they express their determination to see that it becomes a law.

At the age of 89 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe makes her first appearance as a composer of music. She is to have a volume of fourteen songs with music published under the title of "Original Poems and Other Verses." Both the words and the music are her own. Mrs. Howe's public life has never brought her fine musical ability to the front, and these songs will be new to many persons who have known her in comparative intimacy. They are said to be simple in form, but of fine musical sentiment and to give genuine pleasure.

The question of child labor is being agitated in Spain. Under the Spanish law children between 10 and 14 may not work more than six hours a day in industrial establishments, nor more than eight hours a day in offices. Now a decree has been passed forbidding the employment of boys under 16 and women under 25 in a number of trades deemed injurious to health. Chemical works, glass works, the manufacture of ether, of celluloid and of explosives and the handling of lead or arsenic colors are among the forbidden fields.

Mrs. Eldridge Claiborne is the first woman to cast a vote at the annual election of the directors of the Trades League of Philadelphia. She is a widow and conducts a thriving real estate business in Philadelphia. Her voting excited considerable comment, though her right was not denied. Now that she has broken the ice it is said that several other women actively engaged in business in Philadelphia are ready to follow her example.

The Minister of Fine Arts in France has just signed a decree authorizing the appointment of women as attendants in the public libraries and museums. The women, like the men candidates, must pass an examination, which varies according to the post applied for.

Women nurses are to have their first trial in the French military hospitals. The hospital connected with the military medical school at Val-de-Grâce, near Paris, is to be the first to make the experiment, and if it is found to work satisfactorily other military hospitals will be supplied with women. The nurses for Val-de-Grâce are to be selected by competitive examinations, and according to the French press the military authorities aim to get nurses of the grade of maids of all work, devoted but untrained, rather than a picked force of high grade trained nurses. The accommodations for nurses are generally so uninviting in French hospitals—the buildings being mostly very old—that the service has not hitherto attracted the same grade of women as in America and England. Germany is also introducing women nurses into some of the army and navy hospitals.

Kansas has its first woman Probate Judge. Gov. Hoch has just settled the Probate Judge fight that has been going on in Mitchell county for the several months by appointing Mrs. Levi Cooper, widow of the Probate Judge, to the office. While Mr. Cooper was Judge his wife acted as his deputy and did most of the work in the office. There were two men candidates for the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Cooper and both pledged themselves to appoint Mrs. Cooper his deputy. When the matter was brought to the attention of Gov. Hoch he is said to have remarked, "Since Mrs. Cooper is so valuable in office I'll make her Judge."

While Mrs. Cooper is the only woman Probate Judge in the State, several other women hold offices of importance. Miss Oala Heinline is now serving her third term as County Attorney of Seward county, Miss Kate Johnson has just completed a term as County Treasurer of Norton county, while there are about half a dozen women serving as registrars of deeds and about thirty as county superintendents of instruction.

The paper read by Miss Nancy Frye, aged 73, before the Iowa Teachers Association the other day is declared to have been the most notable incident of the convention. Miss Frye has been teaching country schools for more than fifty-seven years and had only so much education as she was able to gain in a small backwoods school in Ohio before 1850. Her theme was "Teach Truth," and the wit and wisdom of her paper were such that at the close of the convention amid great enthusiasm a rising vote of thanks was tendered her.

The clubwomen of Berkeley, Cal., are urging a special bond election to appropriate $40,000 to clear the place of rats. At a large joint mass meeting of men and women held the other day in the Chamber of Commerce the women had as much to do and say as the men. A prominent business man is reported to have said that in his opinion the cause of equal suffrage has been advanced 50 per cent. in Berkeley since the women organized to help the men to drive out the rats.

Miss Mary A. Proctor, daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, is to start this summer on a trip around the world in the interest of science. Miss Proctor has an international reputation through her astronomical studies and discoveries. She is to address the British Astronomical Association in Manchester October 7, and will lecture later in all the larger cities of Great Britain. After that she will visit the observatory in Paris, going from there to Egypt and to Bombay and Calcutta on her way to Australia, where she will observe the total eclipse of the sun on April 28, 1911. She will then make her way to South America, where an eclipse is visible October 10, 1912. After observing this eclipse Miss Proctor will stop in San Francisco long enough to visit the Lick Observatory; will then go to Williams Bay, Wis., to visit the Yerkes Observatory, and will reach New York late in the spring of 1913.

The Government of India has just authorized the employment of women operators in the telegraph service. The candidates must be between 18 and 30 and must either be unmarried or widows. They are first required to take a course of twelve months in the telegraphic training classes, during which time they will get $6.65 a month, the same wages as is paid to men students. Candidates that are accepted at the end of their training will be on probation for one more year. If this year proves them to be up to the standard they will receive a regular appointment with a salary varying from $10 to $25 a month, which is considered high pay in India. At the end of a stipulated number of years these women telegraph operators will be pensioned, but resignation on marriage is compulsory.

The Alumni Association of the University of Michigan has a register for the old graduates who return on visits. The present home address, the year of graduation and the present occupation of the signer are given. The other day there was an inscription written in the book unlike any that had ever found place there before. It ran: "Dora Kennerdy Mathews. Home address, Detroit, Mich. Year of graduation, 1887. Occupation, mother."

BIG SEAGOING RAFTS.

Transporting Logs Along Coast From Oregon to Southern California.

Clatskanie correspondence Portland Oregonian.

Another big cigar shaped seagoing raft was launched recently from the cradle of Wallace Slough, near here, by the Benson Logging and Lumbering Company. Three of the five rafts to be constructed by this company this summer are now lying anchored side by side awaiting favorable weather for shipment to San Diego, Cal., where the company has large milling interests.

The logs are hauled by logging trains from the camp, located four miles up the Clatskanie, and dumped into the river. Here they are hoisted by powerful machinery into the cradle and bound as securely as iron and steel can make them for their perilous ocean journey. Each raft has a carrying capacity of 5,000,000 feet of logs and is worth about $50,000. The dimensions are: Length, 740 feet; width, 52 feet; depth, 36 feet; draught, 24 feet.

Aside from the timber value, thousands of dollars worth of chain is used in their construction. Extending through the centre of the raft and acting as a backbone, to which the circle chains are fastened is 750 feet of 1⅝ inch herringbone chain, and to bind the logs at intervals of 12 feet requires 7,700 feet of 1½ inch circle chain. As a hawser for towing, 900 feet of heavy tow chain is used.

From the time the logs are hoisted from the river into the cradle just two and a half months time is required to put a raft in seagoing condition, and under favorable weather conditions it will reach its destination in about eighteen days.